

# A Spin of the Wheel

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Summary: Following his defeat of both the NCR and Caesar's Legion, James Lechance works to keep the Mojave independent from both factions. Things do NOT go according to plan. Features most companions, especially Lilly, Boone, and Veronica. Some OCs. Lots of character deaths. Title is a reference to Fortuna's Wheel as well as roulette. Would like constructive criticism. I own nothing.

## 1. The Meeting

### A Spin of The Wheel

#### Chapter One: The Meeting

The Strip was LOUD that night, a cacophony of casino promoters, food vendors, patrolling securitrons, and at least a hundred people, talking, singing, drunkenly dancing in the streets, and the music. On the loudspeakers Mr. New Vegas was playing that classic Dean Martin song, Ain't that a Kick in the Head. James Lechance, also known as the Courier, loved it. Every time he entered The Strip he was hit by that chaotic wave of emotion like an electric current.

James had always been a complicated individual, the man thrived on chaos, but most who knew him would tell you that he was the most controlling son of a bitch they knew. It made sense to James though, he saw the world as one great big jigsaw puzzle that hadn't been put together properly, pieces made to fit into the wrong holes and some pieces missing, and it was up to him to put it right. He loved the big jumbled mess that was the Mojave, and he loved making it whole again, one piece at a time. Of course, he also liked putting it together in HIS image, after all, it's not like there was a box with a picture of how it was supposed to look on the side, right?

At that time though, all James could think was

Maybe not this time, maybe this time it won't happen.

But of course, it did.

The loud, hustle and bustle atmosphere of The Strip quickly mutated into a sea of whispers as the crowd noticed James Lechance entering through the gate. He thought after four days this would end but apparently it would take longer. He understood though, he had managed to keep both the NCR and Caesar's Legion out of New Vegas, and controlled the securitrons guarding it.

That wasn't the only reason people were staring. Instead of wearing his riot suppression armor that most people associated with NCR rangers he was instead wearing a 3 piece, black-on-black, power suit sans the tie and shiny, black leather shoes. Instead of wearing his night-vision helmet, he had his black hair slicked back. Instead of carrying his modified LAER, he had Maria, his nickel plated, pearl gripped 9mm handgun with a gold trigger, holstered on his right thigh. In the post-apocalyptic Mojave, wearing a suit, any suit, was a huge statement. Having just picked up the outfit from Mick and Ralf, days after placing the order, James felt VERY uncomfortable. However, right now it wasn't about feeling good, but looking good, and James Lechance definitely looked amazing. He was especially impressed by how clean the suit looked.

\_Not even a wrinkle, at least one of those washer/dryers must work\_

As James was strolling over to The Tops Casino, he felt another emotion: nervousness. This meeting, the meeting all sides had decided to have at The Tops, was a big one, no THE BIG ONE.

It made sense to have it at The Tops, the other bosses were still wary of going into the Lucky 38, and James didn't want it there either, with Yes Man still out of commission, most of his companions having left, the place felt more like a mausoleum than his home. Also there was the disdain the three families had for each other, the White Gloves hated the Omertas, the Omertas hated the White Gloves, and the Chairmen disliked them both. This made the Tops Casino, run by the Chairmen, the obvious choice.

As James Lechance opened the double doors of the Tops and took a step inside he heard a familiar voice.

"About time you got here pal, everybody's already in the presidential suite."

James Lechance looked at the man who had just spoken. Swank, the new head of the Chairmen since James had killed the last one. Swank didn't care though, in fact he had helped. Swank was ambitious, just not TOO ambitious, which, in James Lechance's eyes, made him VERY useful.

The pair of them began walking toward the presidential suite. All the Chairmen, including Swank, wore dirty, white, pinstripe suits with scuffed grey shoes. They walked past the tables where a dozen gamblers were winning and losing their fortunes by the hour. As they neared the door, James could hear muffled arguing from inside.

"They've been like that since they got here," Swank said with a

smirk.

"I see." James returned the smile.

Upon opening the door to the presidential suite Swank and Lachance discovered the three other major players that James had invited to the meet.

A woman was standing by a group of chairs and a sofa on the right of the living area. In the middle of the room, near two pool tables, was a man wearing similar clothes to Swank. The third, a man, was sitting at a private bar on the left, his back turned.

The first of the three was Marjorie, the founder of the White Glove Society, she was wearing a fancy pink dress with black heels. James Lechance always made a note of what people were wearing. How people presented themselves reflected their desires, expectations, and how they wanted others to perceive them. He also scanned people's clothes to see if they had a weapon. For example, Marjorie was wearing a dress so it was highly unlikely that she was packing. He could also look for bulges in people's clothing to tell if they had a gun, though he had to be careful not to look too long or he might get a punch in the face. OK he wasn't THAT bad.

Anyway, James liked the fact that she was the only White Glove he knew that didn't speak with that terrible fake accent that he had been told was called "British." Right now she was in a shouting match with the man standing by the pool tables. Cachino.

After the deaths of Nero and Big Sal, Cachino now had control of the Omertas.

Unfortunately, James and Swank missed the beginning of the "conversation."

"â€|Whadafuck's a 'lout' anyway?"

"Of course you don't know what 'lout' means you idiot!"

"Call me that again and lose a tongue" Cachino said with a sickening smile.

"You disgust me." Marjorie said, having lowered her voice a bit.

"I disgust you!?" Cachino exclaimed "Didn't you people used to be cannibals?"

"They used to be, not for a long time though." James stated coolly, like the White Glove Society's cannibalistic tendencies weren't a big deal.

Everyone in the room turned to look at the man who had spoken.

The man at the bar was the first to speak.

"It's about time you got here, man, I was afraid these two were about to come to blows, not that it would have been a fair fight."

James Lechance looked at the man with the southern drawl that had just spoken, the man that the Courier only knew as The King.

Head of the Kings, one of the strangest looking gangs James had ever seen, The King was essentially the ruling body in Freeside. He was wearing a tan suit jacket and pants with a black dress shirt. He was wearing blue shoes that seemed to have been made out of suede, an odd fashion choice. Standing up and beginning to walk toward James, The King looked like he wasn't done talking.

"You haven't said it, but I know what this meeting is, YOU want to fill House's seat as the head honcho in The Strip. You need the families, or most of them, to back you up, give you legitimacy. What I don't know is why I'm here, if you think you can take The Strip AND take Freeside from me, well, you'd be dreaming for sure cause that 'aint gunna happen"

As The King said this he began to walk toward the door.

"You're right" James just blurted it out, not really thinking just trying to keep The King from walking out. It did.

The King was almost shocked, he had expected denial, he had expected outrage, and he had expected silence. What he did not expect was "you're right."

"Yeah? Which part?"

"Yes, I DO want to take over for House. But no, I don't want to take over Freeside, though I will if I have to. What I want from you is your assistance."

"I knew it. The Kings are not for sale, we will not work for you no matter how much money you throw at us or how many of your robots you threaten us with."

The other three in the room dared not speak, they were captivated by what was happening. Part of Swank wanted to help James out a bit and defend him to The King, but was too interested in what the two were saying.

"I'm not trying to buy you or be your boss. I want to work WITH you. I want the Kings to thrive. What I want is for us to be partners."

"How?" The King had to admit that Lechance had piqued his curiosity.

"The Kings distribute Freeside's water, use what's left to grow crops and sell the harvest for cheap. Your men protect the locals from fiends and troublemakers."

"What are you getting at? We're already doing everything we can for Freeside without breaking even!"

\_This is it\_

"I know you are. I want you to do the same thing with the sharecropper farmsâ€|"

It looked like The King was about to say something but James waved him off.

"Let me finish. Since we ran NCR out of the Mojave, there is no one there to farm the land. We NEED farming to resume, especially if the NCR decides they don't want to trade with us ever again. So here's the deal. The Kings grow crops using water from the pipes, since we shut off the water going to the NCR there's extra. You then harvest the crops and take them via caravan to The Strip and sell them to the various establishments here. You use your men to guard the farm, protect the workers, operate the caravans, and patrol the caravan routs.

In return, The Kings are paid top dollar for the crops they sell and your sphere of influence expands. If it's as successful as I believe it will be, you can always do the same in other locations, there are plenty of abandoned farms in the area."

The King had an unreadable expression on his face. After a minute of silence James spoke up.

"I'm done, you CAN talk now."

The King eyed him suspiciously. "OK."

"OK?"

"I know a good deal when I hear it. It'll be a hell of an undertaking but I can see the dollar signs. But like you said, we work as partners in this. So in the spirit of our new partnership, I want complete access to The Strip for all my people."

James Lechance took a few seconds to consider before agreeing.

"All right, I'll order the securitrons at the gate to let The Kings through."

The King smiled wearily. Thinking about all the preparations he'll need to make.

"All right. Now well if y'all don't mind I should tell my men the good news."

At that The King shook James' hand and gave small nods to the other three in the room and walked out of the presidential suite. James turned to look at the three Family Heads behind him, noting the bewildered looks on their faces.

"I'm sorry, do any of you have a problem with this?"

Marjorie and Swank both looked at Cachino, thinking that if any of them had a problem with Lechance taking over, or his deal with The King, it would be him. To their surprise, Cachino didn't say a word.

Instead, Swank spoke up.

"No problems, boss."

James looked at Marjorie and Cachino.

"Come on you two, speak now or forever hold your peace."

"As long as the monthly tribute isn't increased, I don't foresee any problems." Marjorie stated.

"Ditto." Cachino said, eloquent as ever.

This pleased James considerably.

"Don't worry, the monthly tribute will stay at the current 10%. Well it looks like that's everything. Meeting adjourned."

At that, Swank, Cachino, and Marjorie left the presidential suite.

James wandered over to the bar and sat on the stool where The King had earlier been sitting. Pouring himself a glass of whiskey, he let his mind drift. He was now the de facto ruler of The Strip, owner and proprietor of the Lucky 38, and had just over 7,000 securitrons at his disposal.

There was a long road ahead. He would have to make many difficult decisions. Lives would be lost, perhaps even the lives of his friends. But James Lechance knew it would be worth it in the end, he would sacrifice whatever it took to create the safe and independent Mojave of which he dreamed.

## 2. Big Empty

A Spin of the Wheel

Chapter Two: The Big Empty

Still sitting at the bar in The Tops presidential suite, James Lechance was busy planning his next step. He figured that with Yes Man still out of commission not much Big Picture stuff could be done.

Then he had a thought.

\_I have time to get the stuff I need for Lucky 38\_

That was it. Since his recent expedition to the Sierra Madre Casino, James had a perfect idea with what to do with the Lucky 38. However, since he was unable to return there, he would need to get the parts needed from Big MT.

Downing his whiskey in one gulp, James quickly exited the suite and proceeded to walk out of The Tops. Upon entering The Strip, he felt a hundred pairs of eyes staring at him, he thought nothing of it though. Once he made it to Freeside he headed in the direction of Mick and Ralph's. Once inside he exchanged his power suit for his traditional riot armor and retrieved his modified LAER from a room on the second story.

On his way out the door, he had a quick chat with Ralph.

"Hey James, how'd it go with the meeting? Did the suit fit OK?"

"It went fine, though the suit could be a little more

comfortable."

"Yeah well, if you were capable of standing still for a couple minutes I COULD have taken some measurements. It might have made it a little more comfy."

"Maybe next time." James said with a smile as he left the store.

It took James a minute to find the alley he was looking for but he found it. This was the place where he got attacked by three thugs on his first trip to Freeside. It was also remote enough that no one could see him, the perfect place to activate the transportalponder, a teleportation device capable of transporting him to Big MT. Making sure that no one was watching, James Lechance pulled out the device and activated the trigger mechanism.

For a moment, James felt the now familiar sensation that he was in two places at once, pale blue light crept into his peripheral vision. A second later he found himself on the Think Tank balcony.

Upon entering The Sink, his personal living space in Big MT, James heard all of The Sink's personalities chatting away to each other, although it seemed none of them were actually talking to one another. Muggy was raving about a terrible mug shortage, the book chute was lecturing about the dangers of communism to thin air, and the light switches were shamelessly flirting with the jukebox. In short, it was utter chaos.

James quickly got to the stairwell, not really in the mood for conversation with inanimate objects. After descending the stairs he found the exit, opening it he was greeted by the sweet scent given off by the Big MT's distinctive blue grass. Heading west, James noted a distinct lack of lobotomites and Y-17s, either he had killed most, in not all, of them, or they were simply giving him a wide berth. After a few minutes he found his target, the Z-38 Lightwave Dynamics Research Lab.

Earlier that year, when he entered the Sierra Madre Casino, he found the entire casino operated by ghost-like holograms. While it certainly unnerved him, he also found it hauntingly beautiful. That's when he got the idea to use holograms in the Lucky 38. When he discovered he could not return the Sierra Madre, James felt like he had missed the opportunity, that was until he came to the Big MT and went inside the Z-38 lab. Inside he found several cases of holographic emitters, apparently the holograms at the Sierra Madre were developed there.

James opened one of the crates on the second level, managing to fit several projectors in his pack. He could always make additional trips but he had enough for now. He made his way back down the stairs and outside. Once he got a few feet away from the building, James Lechance activated the transportalponder once again.

Blue light surrounded him as he felt himself being pulled away

Finding himself back in the alley, James hoofed it back to The Strip. Once there, he ignored the stares people were giving him and entered the Lucky 38.

End  
file.